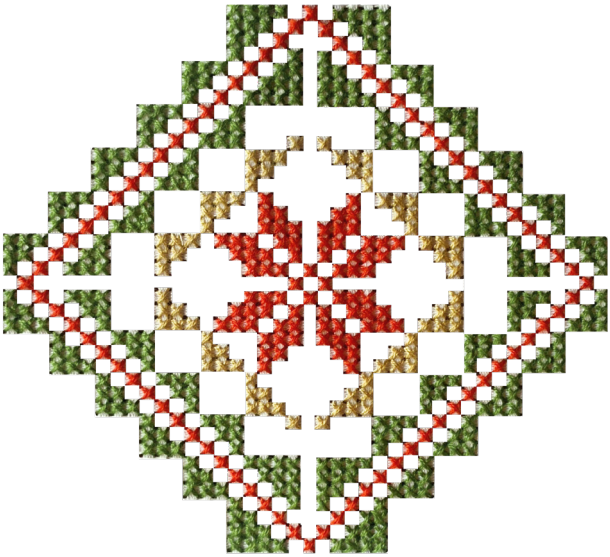
THE WORLD IS A WOUND

ON PALESTINIAN LIBERATION AND DISABILITY JUSTICE



Line drawing of a Palestinian flag draped to an underarm crutch standing in as a flagpole. Drawing by Alcide Breaux.

How do you throw a brick through the window of a bank if you can‘t get out of bed?

Johanna Hedva, Sick Woman Theory

How do you protest for a free Palestine if you can‘t leave your house? How do you protest against genocide without the protest making you sick(er)? How do we, as crip/chronically ill/neuroqueer/mad people, stand with Palestine?

INTRODUCTION

This zine aims to collect a multiplicity of answers to these questions: incomplete answers, timid, shouted, screamed, whispered. As crips/chronically ill/mad and neuroqueer people, we know that we cannot afford to leave anyone behind in our organizing. We need all of us, with all of our different skills of care, community building, and justice work. In the heart of the empire, and everywhere, we commit to the call of the Palestinian people for justice and liberation, with every bodymind.
We deeply cherish the courage of all the authors and contributors to write, to make their art visible here: to engage in all the glorious crip/chronically ill/mad creativity to bring our voices into the polyphony of cries for a Free Palestine, and an end to the genocide and occupation.

We want to offer writing, art-making, poetry here as a form of witnessing. We also want to affirm the ways in which writing, art-making, and poetry are integral and powerful parts of organizing. From our couches, our bedrooms, our hospital beds, our homes, some of us in relative safety and distance, we witness and organize. We witness the genocidal structures of modernity at full force. We see the death machines of the military-industrial complex grinding their way through communities, lifes, crushing people under their weight. We see an entire people "made killable" and subjected to mass harm and death. In the genocide in Palestine, we see a mass-disabling event, through both physical and psychological trauma. We also see how Arab and Muslim people are considered "ungrievable" by the powers of the West, and how even funerals are targets. We see death and pain at scales that many hoped would have been impossible.

The world, to many of us, feels like a wound splitting open, revealing something still unseen. We witness breaking, wounding, dying, and are asked to face the pain in each other's faces. What is breaking?

Which wounds are open, revealing what is broken? We need the wisdom of those that intimately know the wound to attend to these times of wounding, dying, grieving.

In the beginning of the genocide, I was newly disabled. I was house-bound and unable to attend protests, and Johanna Hedva's question "How to throw a brick through the window of a bank if you can't get out of bed?" haunted me. To reach for possible answers from other chronically ill/mad/crip and disabled folks was a window of hope, and more importantly: it opened up agency. Other people had been here before, and I could learn from their experience. Isolated as I am, we are still connected. I hope this zine might instill a sense of agency and connection in someone, and pull you along in collectively witnessing and resisting these genocides. This zine is first and foremost for our crip/chronically ill/mad communities and peers. We want to share and distribute resources on how we use our aching, exhausted, disabled bodies to be in solidarity with the Palestinian people.
Everyone else is welcome to witness and tune in.

We will need crip wisdom to be able to deal with the present moment, to face harm and death with the possibility of community and care. We need to learn how - and when - to grieve collectively; and how to make sure no one is left behind in the struggle.

Crip wisdom can teach us about how to witness suffering and hold it with dignity, with love. Crip wisdom knows about a body that the empire doesn't deem worthy of protection, and by that, our bodies are connected: the mad, the aching, the abject bodies protect each other. Disability Justice must mean Palestinian Liberation, and must strive to bring about a future where the capitalism-colonialism "will screech to its much-needed, long-overdue, and motherfucking glorious halt."[1] We know: None of us are free until all of us are free.
Crip wisdom can envision a future after the worst possible has happened.
From the river to the sea,
Palestine will be free.

1 Johanna Hedva, Sick Woman Theory

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it is time for me to move to a new home again.
no home to be found
my muscles harden
it is my body
flaring up with pain again
Complicity to violence we witness
for too long.

years on top of years

Again,
cruelty is hard to separate from human×power.
here. to meet you and to be free together. they

our eyes narrowing. we came
break us

they work with fear and all their mouth is threats.
we are tired and there is no rest to be found.
real talks shouting at demos bad tv series
candle wishes that now make us

against massive spirits of life and joy.
but laughters hugs plants stars sunsets
listening 90s songs birthday cakes and

it is bayram. i havent called my parents. nor
in a piece of baklava shared with friends. random

grandparents. resisting to shame
and intentional.

friends sending messages.
could I ask for help? the piled stuff here and there
pieces of papers. something about only lying
ache. so I can look at them. to leave again.
good news is I got it, I think,
it is never too late to learn how to be loved. by
People protest together occupying in tents, again.
again. one more song of liberation in the mouths.
carrying all this hardness.

in the room. boxes suitcases
down and looking at them. my bones

myself too, just haven't done that yet
against genocidal violence,
it is a new one. softness in hearts

cracks. we make life. again

10 april 2024 - berlin
(Dilan)

FOUND MATERIAL:
PALESTINE IS DISABLED

„I am not the first or last person to say this, but: Everyone in Palestine is disabled right now.

Whether it's disabled as in brand new amputations after AI-targeted bombing blows up your house and your leg needs to be amputated without anesthetic by your dad.

Or disabled as in 360,000 cases of infectious disease from almost no water or sanitation. That's one in every six Palestinians in Gaza, and likely an undercount. The 1.9 million people displaced during the winter, left to face the rain and cold in tents, face soaring infectious disease that could kill more people than the bombing.

Or disabled as in a created starvation impacting all of the Palestinian population as of this writing- the worst hunger crisis on the globe. Starvation kills- disabled people, sick people, children and elders first. Starvation also creates disability through creating long terms effects of high rates of heart attack, stroke and heart disease, as well as suicidal ideation.

Disabled because of and in a country where only 9 out of 36 hospitals as of this writing are partially functioning and "at least 337 medics and 45 rescue workers targeted & killed, including Fadi Al-Ma'ni, assassinated this past week alongside three other members of the Palestine Red Crescent Society in an israeli drone strike on their ambulance."

Disabled like heroic young citizen journalist Bisan, who I have watched every morning since November report on the current conditions in Gaza- broadcasts she begins every morning with her trademark "Hello this is Bisan from Gaza and I'm still alive," – stricken by intense spinal pain she can find no treatment for.

Like Bisan, who I am listening to right now saying "This is a war on women, on people with disabilities, on children" as the IOF (Israel Occupation Forces) attacks the last functioning hospital in Gaza and she does not know if she will live through it.
Disabled like heroic citizen photographer Motaz Aziza posting about contemplating suicide because he says he literally cannot keep recording what is happening.
Or a million disabled, Deaf, and neurodivergent people facing extreme challenges getting medicine and access equipment. Navigating blown up roads in wheelchairs and with canes and walkers.

Trying to get into inaccessible shelters. Not being able to access information because of a lack of captions, WiFi and interpreters. Being autistic and trying to cope with complete sensory overwhelm and constant noise of bombing.

I write this on the 100th day of the Israeli war on Palestine. 100 days of genocide. Of starvation. Of destruction of hospitals, places of worship, homes, schools, graveyards. Of 31,000 Palestinians murdered. One out of every 100 Palestinians in Gaza are dead.

I have been shocked but not surprised over the last 100 days, to occasionally see (usually white) disabled people comment "Disability justice has nothing to do with Palestine, why are you posting about this?" or "Israel has much better disability politics than the Arab world" on posts about Palestine made by disabled people of conscience, including Alice Wong and me.

The cognitive dissonance, willful ignorance, pinkwashing, and racism is just fucking wild. Please look up a thing or two or keep our name out of your mouths.
I'm going to say it again for the people in the back: Disability justice has always been about Palestinian liberation. Period.
Disability justice was founded by a bunch of revolutionary disabled people, mostly BIPOC, who had been involved in radical movements against imperialism and racism for all their lives.
We created disability justice out of our lived disabled experiences with war, occupation and genocide.

A free Palestine is a disability justice issue. Disability justice will not win without a free Palestine. Where disabled people live in a land that is at peace.
Where we get to just be."

(Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha)

Previous page:

Honoring Ibraheem Abu Thuraya, a disabled Palestinian activist who lost both of his legs in 2008, when an Israeli helicopter fired a missile at him after he exchanged an Israeli flag with a Palestinian one on the border fence. His famous last words „This is our land, we are not going to give up. I am passing this message to the Zionist occupational army. America has to withdraw the declaration it made. The most important thing is that we are coming here to share this message on to the Zionist occupation army that the Palestinian people are a strong people.“

(Mira Thompson)

BECOMING "ENOUGH REAL POETS TO END THIS GENOCIDE"

(for Mosab Abu Toha)

Water hits a wall, recirculates prompts. A river to the sea, a rubber pipe, threaded through a spring's wall. Albatross breathes the sky they watch from. Thirst is everywhere, rain floods.

I write this without really being able to open my mouth. Now is the time, to find out all the ways we are quiet or loud. My heart has to beat– but does it have to beat like fists, like jackhammers?

K loves soccer, studying, poetry and the sea. My throat is winter coming to May. My voice is poppy petals, thick satin curling into red and black and green and white. Full words emerge from quiet.

Read first: absolute listening softens sea walls. Download Light in Gaza, for free*. Quiet responses unsettle— where is everyone? Write the hidden names on our bodies, on paper, if the algorithm buries them. Click the three dots, stick with them.

Write down the real poetry: our texts. Everything is getting worse, faster. Screenshot them. Know you might write back through shaking nights and burning rock. Burnout writing is still writing. We are still candles.

Make note of how we are rising. Fix yourself on an albatross carrying fish. Rising is Gaza Skate Crew sweeping away barbed concrete, kick flips above rebar, Sunbirds training on one leg, Q's chair moves faster than I can walk, relatives move L's husband, all with great effort.

How do you assemble the words? maybe with no punctuation, like the sea is. A thread passing between the needle eyes of phones, messages come in slowly after this next displacement, closing-spaces-on-either-sides-of-punctuation. My brain has always been rubble. It can make grammar of breath in collapse, leave whispers in the line breaks, pass between walls.

Double yourself, be someone's double. Raise water, be water. M sends R and I video of the sea. Until I can get there, words locate. Waiting is a home carried to the future. Let yourself be homesick, and take note of for where. Make passages to Palestine. Learn to make shakshuka at Christmas, listen when someone tells you they haven't eaten eggs in weeks. Discover you are loved; You may be the only who is surprised.

Write down the lost and gained words, like Mosab talks about. Our brains work in halftime. Recover, stare long enough at something that you forget the word for it. Wait for it to return, with $50 milk. Look for what is lost inside an exhausted subconscious trying to hold everything, dive into it like the albatross.

Take note of how you are dangerous, and to whom. Read Refaat's Poems of Mass Destruction. The IOF counter-attacked his open heart, his family, for being poppy seeds. Water will leave calligraphy, someone will tell you they visited the rubble of their old homes to cry.

Take note of when you are called a terrorist, when you don't wipe away tears. Know you are dangerous. Together, we are enough broken wings to become circling Albatrosses, google translate English Arabic Spanish some Russian
So tired, I can't move my body but I can be still for you
I can have BPD too I can
prayer hands emoji "thank you" between half-broken phones
droplets of joining words To speak the way the seas do,
about what hope is To become
enough real poets to end this genocide.

Free download from Haymarket:
https://www.haymarketbooks.org/books/1885-light-in-gaza
Mosab's call: https://www.instagram.com/mosab_abutoha/p/C1qAT9UINgZ/

(Lyca)

Care day for comrades: smoke ritual by Ayesha and Aadi. Photo of a group of children‘s and adult‘s hands around a table, each assembling bundles of herbs to burn in small ceramic pots: lavender, rosemary, mugwort, laurel, rose. Photo by Jules.

“Can we take a rest?
Maybe die for a few
months or years
and wake up when the poem
is complete,
when the flowers in our
garden start to grow,
their scent luring
the sparrows into visiting
our house,
our house that’s now
a small forest of rubble.”

(Mosab Abu Toha)

With the heightened visibility of oppression in Palestine/ Gaza now comes a wave of new eager activists. What happens is that some people decide to become activists, experience activism as something that doesn't work for them, and then quickly leave activism because it was too hostile or they didn't manage to find a way to make it work for them. So how do you stay an activist? Because my dear comrades, we are not running a sprint to stop a genocide, we are running a marathon to not only stop a genocide but to build an entire new post colonial world free of all kinds of oppression. This is the kind of work that takes place over multiple generations, and rest assured, our ancestors already did part of the work. I really encourage anyone to not just do what everyone else is doing in the current climate of urgency culture, but really try to slow down and look for ways to contribute to the activist movement in ways that are accessible to you so it can become a sustainable practice. You can create that contribution in an existing group, if that doesn't work, find other groups to organise with, or start a new more inclusive activist group yourself, or even go solo (I never went solo, but there's a lot of solo online propaganda activism by disabled and able bodied folx happening from their homes!). We need activists and activist groups to survive for the long run, because building new anti-authoritarian power that will overthrow current colonial powers doesn't happen in a one night revolution contrary to white western ideas of what revolution is. We need more people to be in service of ever expanding freedom for life. So how do you run the marathon together with your comrades, when your comrades run much faster than you, or you can't even run at all? Diversity and inclusion are surviving methods, not just for marginalized individuals,

but it's also a surviving method for the group as an entire being. When it comes to surviving, people will use a wide variety of tactics to stay alive. But in an ableist/ capitalist world where there is one able bodied norm and monoculture for all humans, a lot of surviving tactics are left unused or worse, are being oppressed. The wisdom of crips (crips comes from the word cripple, often used as a slur for disabled people, but is now being reclaimed in a similar way the word queer is being reclaimed), in a world not made accessible for you to participate in, equals surviving wisdom which could be useful not only to crips but to anyone. How do crips have the potential to be part of activist groups long term survival if they would truly be included in activist communities? And not just be a part, but to implement their crip wisdom into activism and community building so we can all survive?

All too often in horizontal organising structures, the people with the most energy and time will decide the pace and make most decisions within the group, making it harder for some people to be a part of organising. Then people tap out and the remaining people with the most energy will also not manage anymore due to too much weighing on them. How can crip wisdom about managing our spoons/energy help solve this problem? (Don't know what spoons are? Look up the spoon theory!) Well, what's an activist group without a spoony speaking up when we go over our energy limits? A burnout group that will slowly stop existing! What's an activist group without anyone being or going mad?

An activist group that stays within the politics of normalcy that doesn't really question the status quo! What's an activist group without survivors advocating for organising sustainable care work (as opposed to emergency care work only)? An individualist activist group where new and old traumas don't get space to heal! What's an activist group without ...you? If we, the disabled, the ill, the mad, the neurodivergent, the crips, advocate for our own accessibility needs within activist groups (or within society), we do not only advocate for ourselves, but the whole collective benefits and activism will be less exclusive and have the potential to become more mainstream. The accessibility we are denied, is also denied to the so called able bodied people who also need it. (Not that our own accessibility needs are not already enough to advocate for tho). Please, do not let your internalized ableism stop you from advocating for the accessibility that you need, your reality deserves space, you are not selfish or a burden. How can we speak up for others, if we cannot speak up for ourselves?
How can we stand in solidarity with those facing genocide on the other side of the earth, if we cannot stand in solidarity with our disabled comrades right next to us? When we organize activist groups that make it possible for people to join only once in a while in the activist activities, some people with little spoons can join too, but also people with full time jobs and kids can join more easily!

When we build activist groups that partly take place online, some people who are mobility impaired can join, but also some people who live in remote places or don't have funds to travel can join more easily! When we divide tasks for the direct action or protest according to our possibilities, crips that cannot afford to be faced with (police) violence could join in organizing, but so could some people without documents! If you advocate for your accessibility needs within activist groups, if you build your own activist organization structure with your accessibility needs met, who else can join? Yes, I'm trying to hype you up that everything is going to be amazing when you speak up for your accessibility needs, when I know the realization of my ideals is much more difficult in reality. I haven't even found my own sustainable place in it all yet. When you advocate for yourself as a disabled person in an activist group, no matter how woke or radical anyone is, you still have the possibility of being met with ableism. Besides it's really difficult to advocate for accessibility needs within activist groups if the meetings are already inaccessible to you... And gate keepers of activism exist as well, they may be stuck in a certain idea of what activism should be and cannot accept that it can be done differently too. Plus the urgency culture, always the urgency culture, getting in the way of organizing properly because mobilizing is more urgent. But without good organization, which takes time, you will not reach as many people to mobilize and lose potential comrades such as some crips.
I've already made such generalizing statements, when I know real disability justice means we need to get out of capitalist/ableist monoculture and need everything to be custom fit personalized so no one gets crushed by the system anymore. I cannot give you any advice specific to yourself, therefore I will share only my own personal try-outs as an activist. Some of you might have opposite needs and experiences of mine, but I don't write this to inspire people to do what I'm doing. I'm writing this to inspire people to embrace their disability within activism and

don‘t follow whatever your able bodied comrades are doing but really look for what works for you. I‘m still at a point where I‘m trying to fit into existing activist structures myself, but starting to dream of building up other structures built on crip wisdom (amongst other things);
Like most people I‘ve started out going to protests which is all I did for a few years (besides ranting about stuff on my social media, which is also activism, I just didn‘t perceive it like that back then), then came helping out with organising stuff like benefit events, then some protests, some workshops, now finally I‘m transitioning into wanting to do two things:
1. Take on supporting roles for direct actions from home and
2. Be a part of building up new dual power structures. The building of new anti-authoritarian power next to current oppressive powers that will slowly take over from them.
It took me quite a while to admit how bad protesting makes my body feel, same goes for organising one time events/protests. I first had a period of denial of the pain, then when I accepted my condition I started to adapt more and more, that’s also when I started to inform people around me that I cannot do certain things. Which doesn‘t mean that I never cross my boundaries anymore, just less often and more often I do it with intention and try to make sure I‘m well prepared and have space to recover afterwards.

1. When I go to a protest I bring a foldable camping chair, or use the chairs provided by the organisers and try to find out beforehand if there will be chairs provided. If there‘s a van I ask in advance if I can sit/ride on the van, preferably I try to have a little task then. Once someone told me angrily at a protest that the chairs were for disabled people only (I look young, fit and able-bodied), I actually like that better than when people just think it but don‘t say it. If someone says stuff like that I can at least tell them they should keep their assumptions to themselves and leave me alone. I had to really learn that I don‘t have to explain my disability to people, sometimes I do it, sometimes I choose not to if I don‘t feel like it. I also learned for myself that it‘s okay to not stay till the end of the protest. Sometimes when I don‘t feel well but I really want to go I‘ll just be there for 15 minutes and leave again. Protest marches I try not to join at all anymore. When I don‘t go to a protest but do want to go but just can‘t, I try to spread the mobilization message in all the groups chats I‘m part of instead. If I can‘t go, then at least I can inform other people to go in my place! Something else I do when I feel like I‘m stuck at home while others are bringing their bodies at risk during a protest, is going outside in my own neighborhood and putting up activist stickers, so I can channel my anger and grief about the protest somewhere.

2. Organising events/protests/direct action I‘m quite good at, but also really really not. I try to take on the tasks now that don‘t involve physical work so I don‘t cross my boundaries (like communication, planning, arrestee support, aftercare, you name it), but when I arrive at the scene it becomes quite clear that I‘m too controlling to let go! Something about being disabled and not having control over my body and therefore wanting to have control over my surroundings instead, me and my therapist concluded. This organising skill is part of my crip wisdom.

Since I cannot rely on my body as much as other people can, I learned to prepare things really well in advance. I tend to foresee issues in advance faster than other people, because if I have to suddenly deal with unexpected things I will not have the spoons to be able to manage like other people could. With this skill I also try to make things easier for other people I'm organising with. This is very useful in preparations, but hurtful to me personally when I physically show up. It sucks to not show up to what you organised and not see all the prep you did come to life. I also worry that people feel like I'm being anti-social when I do show up but don't help out in the moment. This means that sometimes I'll help out more than other people are even though I said in advance I would not be helping out. Something about being disabled and fearing to be a burden to others, me and my therapist concluded. Internalized ableism is the main reason why I keep crossing my boundaries in activism. This is where I need comrades that affirm me in that it's okay to not help out with stuff. Someone once told me: „I need comrades not a sweatshop" which made me feel a whole lot better and made it possible for me to remove some blockades and continue doing my part how I'm able to do it and letting other things just be for other people. For some things it's also really useful if someone stays home and supports from there, for example call the lawyer when someone is arrested. These are tasks I now have my eye on. I'm having issues finding groups that can use my help and also have their prep meetings at daytime or early evening. Is your meeting starting after 19:00? I don't think I'll have any spoons left for it! Is your meeting starting after 19:00, but is it online (which is of course not always possible/recommended), count me in I'll call with you from my bed.. Or maybe some people would even be open to having the meeting at my house? Another thing I recently noticed is that it's better for me to join in organising at the beginning of something. If I join while something is already kind of started, urgency culture comes in and I tend to cross my boundaries

much faster which means I need to tap out much faster too and will be more hesitant to help out again in the future. It also helps to specialize into something, to do a certain task more often so I'm not surprised by parts of the task that are too much for me after all, or learn to find solutions to things I cannot do. Doing tasks that I've done before makes it easier to assess for me if I can commit to it/have enough spoons for it again when the occasion for it arises.

3. Even though I'm slowly slowly finding ways to join activism while embracing my disability, I feel like organising one time protests/events/direct actions is too draining for me at the moment. My contribution to activism, just like everyone else's, doesn't always have to be with the same intensity after all. I've decided to move some of my spoons towards organising lasting structures/resources/skills and hoping to contribute to creating some sort of dual power through mutual aid and community building, as opposed to our current power systems in the world. I'm still at the start of this shift, so I haven't found my people/place yet to do this at. Building up dual power takes much more time and grows bit by bit which is a slower pace than organising one time actions where urgency culture comes in much faster. Since I move at crip time I think it will be a better fit for me. I tried being part of some collectives, that I guess do the

same as commercials services but they do it for free, but they were too physical for me thus far. I'd love to write about this for you more but I just don't really know yet what this means for me!

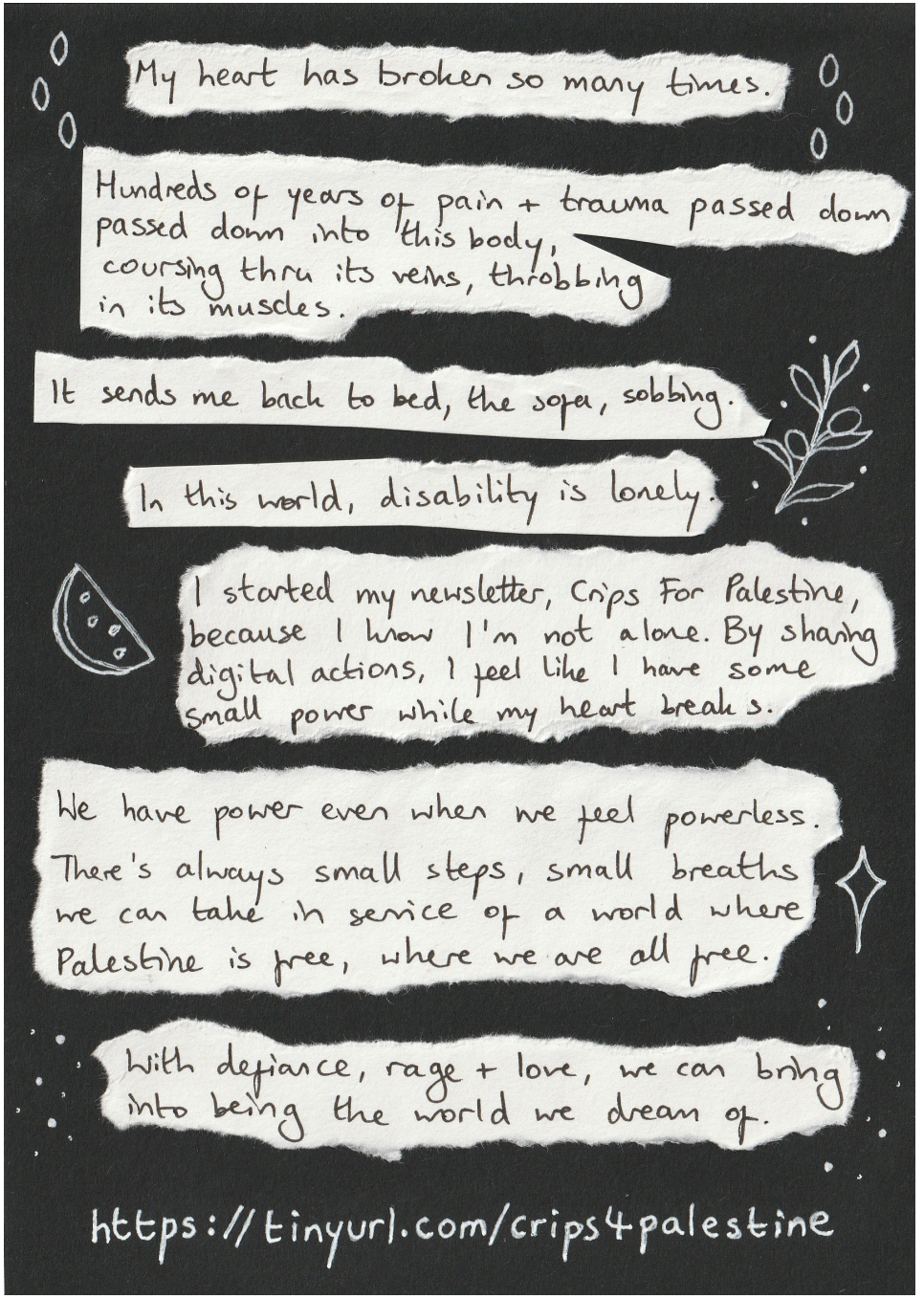
Last thing I'll say about this is that besides that I hope to find more accessible activism for myself through this shift, I've also come to believe that this shift to building dual power is more and more necessary to gain lasting change. What if we manage to free Palestine now (and we will), but the power structures in the world stay the same? Then oppression will just continue, but just not for Palestinians.

Hopefully sharing my insights gave you something, something at all that you can use for your own activist journey. I hope you embrace your unique body, mind, soul, whether you identify as a crip or as able bodied, and acknowledge that you do not have to do what everyone else is doing in order to contribute and that it's not just okay to listen to your body's needs and to make space for those needs, but that you doing this creates space for others to do the same which will create more sustainable activist communities. I also hope you make space for your comrades that are trying to do this! Take care of yourself and take care of your comrades, so we can be dangerous together <3

PS: I'd like to acknowledge that much like crip wisdom, we need to make more space for other oppressed wisdom as well. My suggested reading „unlearning white supremacy culture" has a lot of practical Black wisdom for survival of activist groups: https://www.whitesupremacyculture.info/characteristics.html . I also vouch for subscribing to the Ayesha Khan's Cosmic Anarchy newsletter as well as Ismathu Gwendolyn's substack! Both two non-binary people of colour doing activist care work (online). Also a massive shout out to the people of People's Hub, where I followed a cohort on internalized ableism. All of them heavily influenced me into writing this text and I owe it to them to give credit where credit is due.

(anonymous)

CRIPS FOR PALESTINE: NEWSLETTER


My heart has broken so many times.
Hundreds of years of pain + trauma passed down passed down into this body, coursing thru its veins, throbbing in its muscles.
It sends me back to bed, the sofa, sobbing.
In this world, disability is lonely.
I started my newsletter, Crips For Palestine, because I know I'm not alone. By sharing digital actions, I feel like I have some small power while my heart breaks.
We have power even when we feel powerless. There's always small steps, small breaths we can take in service of a world where Palestine is free, where we are all free.
With defiance, rage + love, we can bring into being the world we dream of.
https://tinyurl.com/crips4palestine

(zainabb)

RESEARCH MATERIAL:

“Pandemics are a tool of the colonizer. Refuse to do the bloody work of Empire.”

“BY BOMB OR BY PATHOGEN, THESE ATTACKS ON PALESTINIAN LIFE ARE MAN-MADE, INTENTIONAL POLICY CHOICES, ONES INTENDED TO CONSOLIDATE WEALTH FOR THE MIS-RULERS OF THE WORLD. Like the genocide of Palestinians, the unmitigated spread of Covid-19 across our communities is a policy choice — not an inevitability. Viruses defy borders, and when we say We all breathe the same air, we too, are not speaking in metaphor. Gazans report having been infected with Covid multiple times over six months of siege and genocide. And the very strains of the virus that plague Palestinians today directly evolved and made their way to Gaza as a result of the global north’s policies of denial and normalization.“

“The occupation and its siege on Gaza is an invasion on all fronts. Occupation forces bring new strains of Covid to Gaza with every incursion, simultaneously throwing parties and concerts while leading invasions of Al-Shifa Hospital and Nuseirat refugee camp. Every unmasked sniper, foreign aid worker, and reporter that enters Gaza off a transcontinental flight creates a pathway for novel strains to attack Palestinians made increasingly vulnerable.
Wherever we are in the world, viruses reveal both our inextricable connection and our common enemy — not viruses themselves, nor even necessarily those who spread them, but the larger forces of capitalism, colonialism, and imperialism that take root in our psyches and spur us to be their foot soldiers.“

(From the zine “MASK UP, WE NEED YOU: Palestinian Solidarity, Covid-19, and the Struggle for Liberation” by Rimona Eskayo and Sheyam Ghieth. available here: https://rimoskyo.com/shop/p/mask-up-we-need-you-palestinian-solidarity-covid-19-and-the-struggle-for-liberation)

RESEARCH MATERIAL:

„Care so often feels as though it has to be given to you by someone else, and this can also seem how revolution feels. We wait for the change to be given to us by those in control, we hope for those in power to come to their senses. So many activists know that as power can be taken, it can be taken back. As care can be given, we can also take it. I‘ve always found solace in the fact that the words caregiver and caretaker mean the same thing. We take care, we give care, and it can be contagious, it can spread. It shows us that the limit of the world is always a place to be exploded, pushed against, transformed. Meet me there, at the end, where there is give and take, and let‘s follow each other into the beginning.“

(Johanna Hedva - Get well soon
https://getwellsoon.labr.io/)

Chocolate cake made by sofian for a comrade care day in their garden, with rose petals and mint leaves from their garden. The cake is being held in front of a wall covered by a black and white kufiya and hanging roses. Photo by Jules.

HOW TO LIVE WITH PAIN (FOR ACTIVISTS)

LET HORROR BLISTER BEHIND YOUR EYES
ITS OK TO BE BURNED BY A FIRE YOU LIT
THERES NO SHAME IN THE BLAZING ACHE
HOLD YOUR PAIN LIKE THE TENDER GIFT IT IS
LET US HOLD IT TOO
LIKE SNAIL SHELLS WE ARE ALL CRUSHED UNDER THE BOOT,
JELLY SOFT BRUISED AGAINST STEEL TOES
WE CANT RESIST THE RAIN
FEAR WONT MAKE US ANY LESS THIRSTY
POWER COMES FROM DANCING WITH YOUR OWN PAIN AND WEAKNESS
FROM LIVING IN EXCRUTIAITING STILLNESS
WHEN THEY SCREAM AT YOU TO MOVE
FEEDING YOUR OWN RUMBLING BELLY IS FEEDING THE INTER CONNECTED WHOLE
IT IS EAT AND BE EATEN, NEVER "OR"
A MEAL IS STILL A MEAL IN THE COMPOST PILE
THERE IS NO CELESTIAL JUSTICE
JUST CHAOS
FOSSILS AND BOOKS THAT REMEMBER ETERNAL MOMENTS OF SUFFERING
BROKEN CRIES AND HEADSTONES
IN COLLECTIVE IGNITION WE WILL FIND WARMTH
POLICE
REST IN THE ARMS OF QUILTED LOVE
BREATH IS RESISTANCE IF IT HOLDS A SILENT SCREAM

(Lillian Estes)

Chocolate cake with „FREE PALESTINE‘ biscuit letters on top, made by sofian and their sister for a comrade care day at Nieuwland, Amsterdam. With lavender stems from their garden, and mint leaves and borage flowers from Nieuwland’s garden, gathered and arranged by Jules and Aadi. Photo by Jules.

RESEARCH MATERIAL:

“Our struggles are interconnected. COVID eugenics are contributing to the active genocides in places like Palestine. Israel has blocked Palestinian access to COVID vaccines since 2021. The lack of universal mask mandates has allowed the virus to mutate again & again & again globally. Without vaccines, Palestinians are more likely to die &/ or have severe symptoms with even one COVID infection. Palestinians are being removed from their homes & forced into overcrowded displacement, while the Israeli government blocks aid deliveries to Gaza & bombs hospitals. These conditions mean Palestinians have no means to protect themselves & no recourse to stop the spread of COVID.”

(From the zine “Ever wondered how you would have behaved at the height of the AIDS pandemic? You’re doing it now” by Stevie Springs, available here: https://covidandhiv.carrd.co/)

RESEARCH MATERIAL:

On the “pager-attacks” in Lebanon, September 2024: “These detonated explosions of hand-held devices maim on several levels: bodily, as events of mass impairment that will likely lead to hundreds of permanent disabilities, some of them preventable with proper medical care, which may not be available (please note I use the term disability loosely, as it invokes a liberal rights apparatus that Palestinians — and now, perhaps, the Lebanese — cannot avail themselves of); infrastructurally, as medical facilities are pushed beyond capacity, overwhelmed with injured patients needing emergency care at exactly the same moment, an impossible scene of treatment; psychically, as people in Lebanon walk in fear and terror of the next event, and a global audience ponders how else and where else such tactics might be used; and communally, as a short-circuiting of communication through social media and messaging platforms render people cut off from local and diasporic connections, isolated in their terror.”

“The simultaneity of the explosions, yet dispersal of the injuries, seems significant in a spatio-temporal sense: a kind of distributed, spatially diffuse massacre. I always understood the „right to maim“ as broadly relevant to any context where „not-killing“ is proffered as a „humane“ alternative to contain and control bodies — in effect authorizing less harm vis-à-vis killing, but a greater, ever-expanding scope of violence. We see this with the logic of non-lethal weapons, which are narrated as instruments that avoid mass killing — but in fact therefore allow greater usage of these weapons to harm, to debilitate, to maim.”

“I feel that what is being normalized is the mass impairment, through the most horrifying dismemberment of body parts, of Palestinian and now Lebanese bodies, as the value of these bodies, as what these bodies deserve and are destined for. In that sense, the humanitarian rationale is no longer needed — only the collective witnessing, tutoring, absorption, and sanctioning of a global audience that is only too happy to have their racist anti-Arab, anti-Palestinian world views confirmed. It is as if to say: if these bodies are to remain alive, they must only be alive as mutilated.”

(Jasbir Puar on the Pager Attacks and the Right to Maim, Dispatches From the Lebanese Front, 24/09/2024, full tect: https://thepublicsource.org/blog/lebanon-front/jasbir-puar-right-maim)

FROM MY BED

I'm a mathematician. I'm autistic and I have depression, and as soon as I heard of the events of October 7th I knew what was to follow will be absolutely devastating for Palestine and Palestinians.

I felt hopeless and helpless, I felt I didn't know enough, couldn't do anything and I watched in horror as day after day Israel's cruelty reached new depths. How could anything be worse than cutting off food, water, electricity and fuel to a population of 2.2 million? A population besieged from all sides, including sea and air, and consisting of more than 50% children?

It did get worse, and somehow it continues to, every day reaching new depths of depravity and cruelty.

First, I chatted to my union colleagues. One wrote a motion in solidarity with Palestine, Zionists in the branch organised, called us Hamas supporters and voted down the motion. We persisted, fuelled by grief and moral conviction, determined to make our voices heard and work harder to show up.

We passed a motion establishing a working group. I knew nothing about my universities ties to the genocide, but I can set up a zoom link, I can message my busy colleagues, I can chair a meeting, write down action points, sent links to people who need them. And I can do it all from my bed!

I tried showing up in person, at our weekly marches. It is deeply empowering, standing shoulder to shoulder with comrades who refuse to be complicit, who march and chant and refuse to be silenced!

It is heartbreaking to listen to our comrades with families in Gaza, and to listen to little children chant "stop bombing children". Why do they need to think about the world's greatest horrors, while people in positions of power go about their daily lives? A person, who could end the genocide with one phone call, who instead goes around the entire congress and senate and sends billions of aid and countless weapons, so that Israel can use snipers to shoot a 5 year old child; so they can murder a little girl's family, and once she calls for help, murder the paramedics sent to rescue her.

I want to show up, being a part of the community gives me hope! But if I do, I have no energy to keep myself alive. Laundry piles up. I live off a diet of crisps, straight from the bag. My whole body aches as I force myself to clean my cat's litter box. I come home from work and just freeze and eventually fall asleep – I'm overwhelmed, I'm grieving, I feel like I should do more, and I absolutely can't.
But I can show up to our next zoom meeting. I can join my union's committee, to add a voice speaking up for Palestine. I can get through painful meetings that feel like a waste of everyone's time, and I can continue to speak up. I do the admin for the working group – my colleagues who are better informed and have supported Palestine for a long time can write motions, open letters and speak about it as professionals. I can keep an eye on the deadlines, send motions in on time, message colleagues to remind them to show up.

I realise that this whole time, our students have been protesting. They've now occupied a building! They stayed for 15 days - the longest occupation on our campus. They achieved some goals, but not all, so they are now back at the encampment! They've already achieved the impossible - creating a safe space for our Palestinian staff and students on campus, a space where everyone opposing a genocide is welcome. They know the goal is bigger. We must do everything we can to stop the destruction, the slaughter, the famine and dehumanisation. But they're working hard, and their hard work is helping the rest of us persist and continue the fight.

I try a new tactic. I take care of myself, get some sleep, eat some vegetables, see beloved friends. I continue to stand up for Palestinians. But instead of berating myself for things I can't do, I try to be kind to myself as well. My colleague stands up bravely, speaking over the counter protesters. "We Palestinians wake up every morning to teach the rest of the world life, sir."
I wake up every morning and learn. About resistance, community, myself, fighting for a better future. I'm a disabled person, but I can stand (or stay in bed, joining a zoom call) in solidarity with my comrades until from the river to the sea Palestine will be free.

(Anja)

RESEARCH MATERIAL:

“Wherever you are, whatever sand you can throw on the gears of genocide, Do It Now. If it’s a handful, throw it, if it’s a fingernail full, scrape it out and throw it GET IN THE WAY however you can. The Elimination of the Palestinian people is Not Inevitable. We can Refuse with our every breath and action. We must.”

(Rasha Abdulhadi)

(Chalie)

Soaking feet in steady water
I can step on moss three times
until I have to grieve it

A place to pray
a place to dwell
to soak in grief
and fill the voids
it creates in me
with love

The bog loves me
no matter what…

Grief
always with me
it lingers in me
sometimes it sucks
me into a dark place

I have been with the grief
of many lives taken in
Palestine
of so much suffering
going on
for the past months
years
decades

And recently,
I have been with the grief
of not being able to fight
anymore
with those
that fight for liberation

I know the grief intimately
of a body
not allowing me to do
what I want
or feel like I need to do

of feeling no control
over my health and experience
over my life and my dreams
because my body just stops
functioning

I dwell in the sorrow
and the fear
of my body saying no, any
second,
of feeling like maybe I'll die
from what's happening
and sometimes I drown in it
like my toes in the mud
sqishhh, squshhh, squaatsh

But how do you live
with grieving a body
that says no to doing
when there are people being
murdered
by your own people's weapons?

People tell me,
I need to slow down,
I was doing too much
but I am just doing
not even doing enough!

I am safe and alive
while Palestinians are murdered
no action will ever stop it soon enough

How can I live
with resting my body
how can I justify my pain
when those killed by our inaction
cannot choose to rest or live
any rest disrupted by hunger
and the shrill humming of warplanes

I see people dying on instagram
comrades arrested on the streets
all of me wishing to be part of the revolution
but my body needs rest
my body screams
for the silence of the bog

dwelling in German soil
spiraling around Palestine
trying to organize
all the time
the phone, my head never sleep

My body is torn
by the pace of our movements
that are yet not efficient enough

My body mirrors
the violence we have come to rest with

The monster rummaging
through Palestine and Congo
wasn't fabricated there
it was fabricated here
in Germany
the Western world
the colonialist world

This world
is costing us our bodies

My illness is the grief for us all

All this grief
cracks my heart open,
creates canyons of void in my system
like the space between the bricks in the ground
beneath my feet in a meeting
hard as concrete
if they wanted to touch, be whole again,
they couldn't
What is lost is lost

Sometimes, I can get lost
in those cracks

There is only one way of being with grief
that will heal
I have learned

Gentleness
brings to the cracks of grief
what water brings to
the empty patches
between the peat-moss
beneath my feet
it will fill the void
gently
I know we need movements
that can incorporate rest

I know we need to change
the change work
and make it heal
the destruction on all levels

It is hard
to feel the space for change in our movements
at the pace of people dying

It feels impossible to listen to my system
and choose rest
when so many can't

When those with chronic illness in Gaza or Congo
cannot choose to rest and stay alive
how is choosing my health justified?

What if we sat with each other
and grieved together
and held space for all of these controversies
What if we brought gentleness into our movements
and became like water
filling up the space
between our cracks
and broken hearts?

Could we love each other
like moss is loved by water
and water is loved by moss?

Can we flow in and out of
movement work
fluid and adaptable
without much force?

Could we grow
as invincible as moss
flourishing life on hostile
ground
growing from the bodies of
the dead
growing from our scars
out of destruction
and cracks in our hearts

We must think of our
collective body
as a spaghnum structure
preparing the ground for new
life
filling wounds and voids
with water and new life
loving those bodies
that have been caught in a
drought

If we become like water
and move through the cracks
maybe one day
we'll love another enough
to be as resilient
as water and moss
pioneering life
into regions of loss
when no one else knows
how to continue living

(Lara-Lane Plambeck)

There is a place in movement work for everyone. But I recognize, and experience, how some work is often valued more than others. Disability Justice and collective liberation are intertwined with dismantling this idea that activism on the frontlines is the most valuable. We all have unique skills and resources to contribute, whether from bed or in the streets.

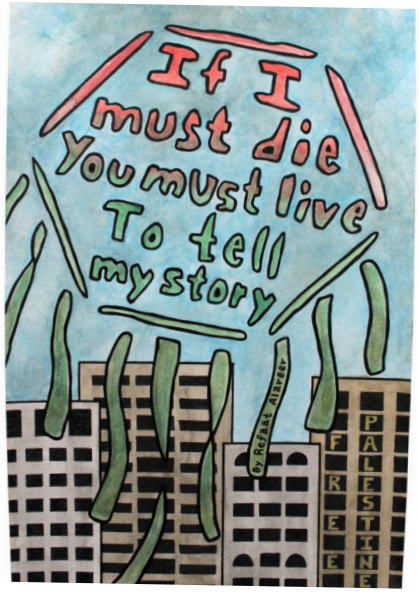
Creating art is one way that I've offered my solidarity with Palestinian Liberation. I've made art to fundraise for families and organizations and to uplift the campaigns of Palestinian families evacuating Gaza. I also had a story sale of all of my art and redistributed 50% of those sales. There are so many creative ways that we can act in solidarity through redistributing funds, sharing awareness and education, uplifting the most marginalized voices and building community. Additionally, I want to see continuous energy put towards making in person events, protests and encampments more accessible.

Here are images I've made for two Palestinian families' campaigns. Links to both fundraisers can currently be found at my linktree: linktr.ee/sundrawnpines.
When I make art that centers Palestine/Palestinians, it's important to me that 100% of funds go to families and organizations that support Palestinians.

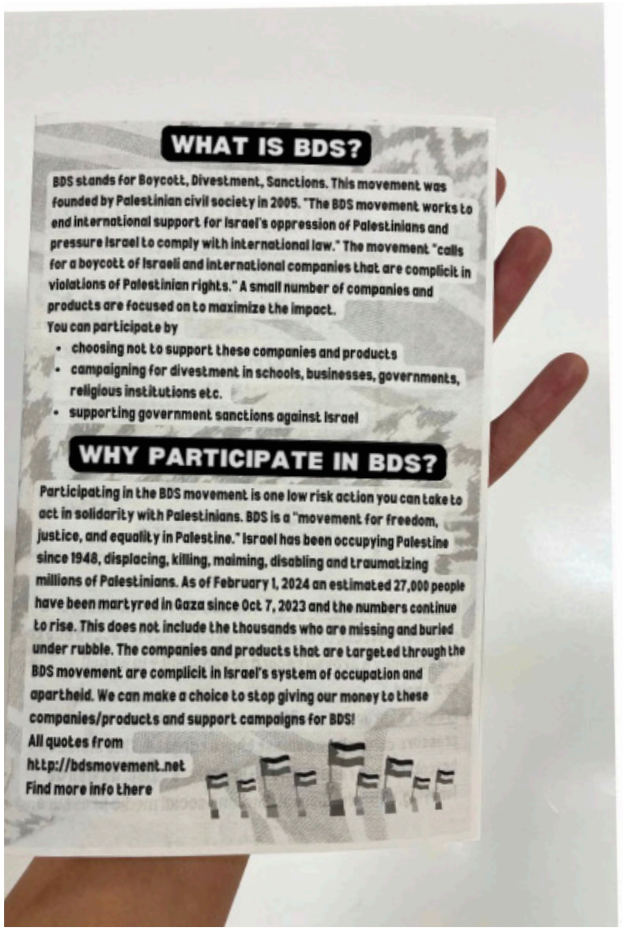
Here are some stickers, patches and soon to be postcards that I've created for fundraising:

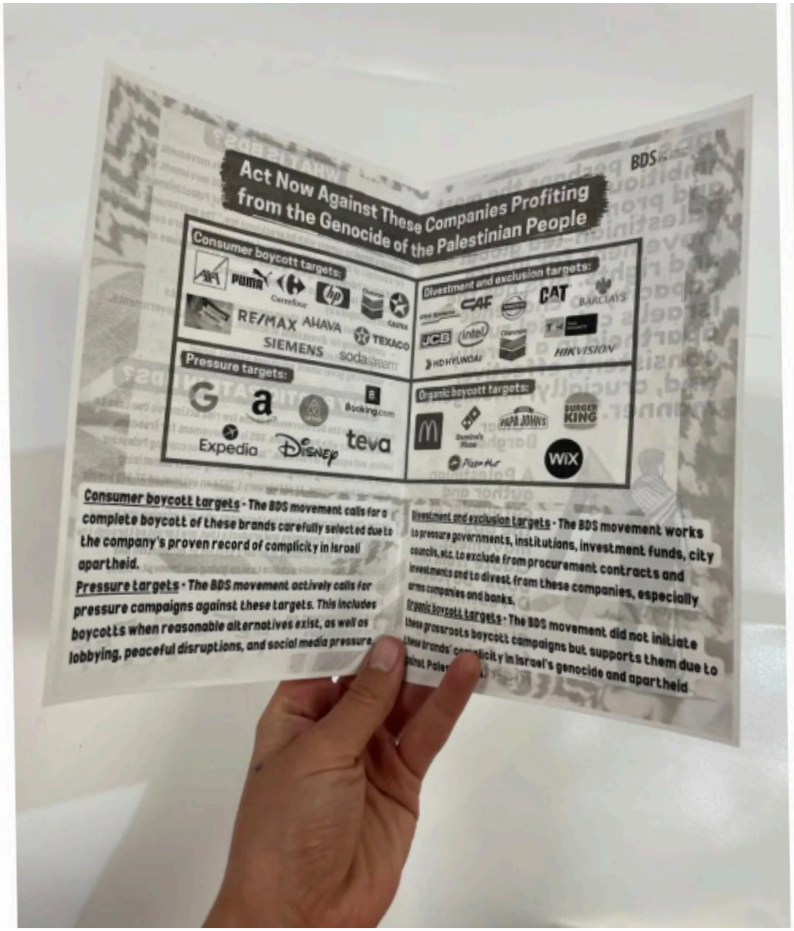
*I created the sticker on the left. The sticker on the right was created by @pieceful.creations, who is also a disabled artist.

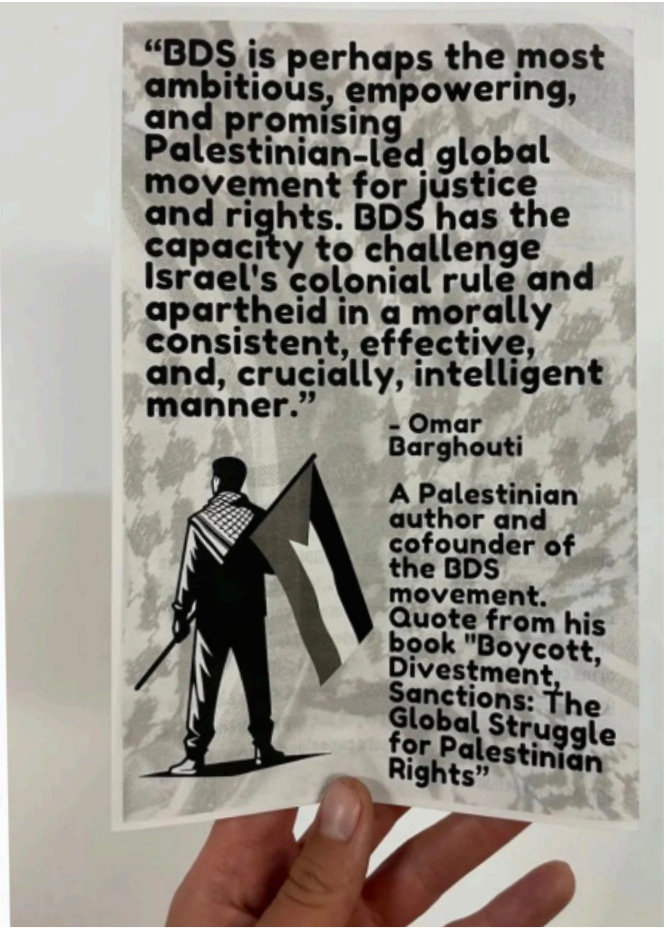
A few block printed patches and a postcard:



These are images of a zine I created about the BDS (Boycott, Divestment, Sanctions) movement. Download this zine for free at my linktree: linktr.ee/sundrawnpines


WHAT IS BDS?
BDS stands for Boycott, Divestment, Sanctions. This movement was founded by Palestinian civil society in 2005. "The BDS movement works to end international support for Israel's oppression of Palestinians and pressure Israel to comply with international law." The movement "calls for a boycott of Israeli and international companies that are complicit in violations of Palestinian rights." A small number of companies and products are focused on to maximize the impact.
You can participate by
choosing not to support these companies and products
campaigning for divestment in schools, businesses, governments, religious institutions etc.
supporting government sanctions against Israel
WHY PARTICIPATE IN BDS?
Participating in the BDS movement is one low risk action you can take to act in solidarity with Palestinians. BDS is a "movement for freedom, justice, and equality in Palestine." Israel has been occupying Palestine since 1948, displacing, killing, maiming, disabling and traumatizing millions of Palestinians. As of February 1, 2024 an estimated 27,000 people have been martyred in Gaza since Oct 7, 2023 and the numbers continue to rise. This does not include the thousands who are missing and buried under rubble. The companies and products that are targeted through the BDS movement are complicit in Israel's system of occupation and apartheid. We can make a choice to stop giving our money to these companies/products and support campaigns for BDS!
All quotes from
http://bdsmovement.net
Find more info there


Act Now Against These Companies Profiting from the Genocide of the Palestinian People
BDS
Consumer boycott targets:
Divestment and exclusion targets:
Pressure targets:
Organic boycott targets:
Consumer boycott targets - The BDS movement calls for a complete boycott of these brands carefully selected due to the company's proven record of complicity in Israeli apartheid.
Pressure targets - The BDS movement actively calls for pressure campaigns against these targets. This includes boycotts when reasonable alternatives exist, as well as lobbying, peaceful disruptions, and social media pressure.
Investment and exclusion targets - The BDS movement works to pressure governments, institutions, investment funds, city councils, etc. to exclude from procurement contracts and investments and to divest from these companies, especially arms companies and banks.
Organic boycott targets - The BDS movement did not initiate these grassroots boycott campaigns but supports them due to these brands' complicity in Israel's genocide and apartheid


"BDS is perhaps the most ambitious, empowering, and promising Palestinian-led global movement for justice and rights. BDS has the capacity to challenge Israel's colonial rule and apartheid in a morally consistent, effective, and, crucially, intelligent manner."
- Omar Barghouti
A Palestinian author and cofounder of the BDS movement. Quote from his book "Boycott, Divestment, Sanctions: The Global Struggle for Palestinian Rights"

(Kelly)

RESEARCH MATERIAL:

“Romanticising Palestinians, expecting us to show our strength, resilience and patience throughout it all, imposes mythical terms on our experience and our everyday struggles. It obscures our humanity, reduces the depravity of Israeli violence, and ignores other forms of violence, especially the structural violence that we continue to face every day.”

“The response of the international community needs to be stronger to put an end to this madness. They can start by thinking of Palestinians as human beings who have feelings and daily struggles, even if and when we do not show or share them. To expect us always to show strength and patience, rather than fragility and vulnerability, is inhumane. We should not be asked how we are managing or why we are still smiling. It is wrong to demand ‘resilience’ from oppressed people. We need action that is immediate and global. We need resistance from outside Gaza to the forms of oppression we face while the root causes (which may force us to try to cope, because we have no other choice) are tackled.”

“People who wish to support Palestinians need to stop thinking of us as extraordinary human beings who, as I have repeatedly been told, are ‘chosen’ to live in the Holy Land. It is time to stop expecting supernatural ‘coping mechanisms’ from us. The reality is far from the romanticised version of ‘resilient’ Palestinians. The reality is that we are not exemplary in how we may ‘endure it all’.”

“I fear that the expectation of Palestinian ‘resilience’ normalises and enables more Israeli violence. It risks freeing the international community from its ethical responsibility to do more in order to put an end to injustice. And if violence is hardly protested, it will continue with impunity.”

(Malaka Shwaikh, Against ‘Resilience’, London Review of Books, 23/01/2024)

I wake to a shooting pain in my index finger. I can't look but feel in the dark that it has swollen. I roll over. An ache in my hip radiates across my left side. I rise from the sweaty mattress with an iron foot that thuds to the floor.

I switch on the news — the shortest morning digest that exists on podcasts. The Israeli army is advancing towards Rafah, the most Southern tip of the Gaza strip. Millions of Palestinians are gathered on the border, pushed out from the North. They are hungry. They are miserable. They are dying. I can't look.

I push the final prednisone out of the bent tinfoil from a second steroid pack. It is the last day of a taper. If I can't eradicate the joint pain, I will need a different treatment that can fight harder. The attack will be longer. It will require infusions,

delivered intravenously, pierced through flesh in arm regularly, to maintain this body.

This is a war without end.

Illness first came to me in my last year of living in Jerusalem. Lingering low-level fevers and a tormented stomach kept dates waiting, travel plans to Amman tentative, a sense that there was always something wrong and that I was wrong.

It is seven years later. There is still something wrong.

Small red poppies bloom across Gaza that look like drops of blood smattered across the land. The alien green hellebores peak up from the earth in unseasonably warm Washington, but droop when it frosts.

The waves of violence in Palestine become newsworthy by the clock. It averages every two years. It's almost mathematical.

The arthritis ripples over my body periodically. Every two months right before I get my infusion. Then it is gone. I am thankful for science.

I decide things need to stop being wrong, so I stop the infusions.

The nurse answers the triage line as my bath gurgles in the background, a sound that muffles the hold music while I press the phone to my ear, against the jaw pain. I remember my jaw is a joint.

I hit a wall on the other line once a woman picks up the phone. I try saying the word "flare."

"Oh." She remembers the word as though recalling a rote fact. She does this after she has listed possible dates for appointments. She rattles them off one by one and then …

"Oh. You said you are having a flare … would you like to come in today?"

Yes.

Yes, I imagine that clinicians and administrative workers in healthcare come in empathetic to schooling, wanting to do good, wanting to help people, and then the training and the volume and the system stamps that out of them. They burn themselves out, run themselves to the ground. No, I moved to Jerusalem wanting to be in solidarity, trying to be an activist where it mattered, to cross walls and even burn them down.

Instead, I burnt myself out, ran my body to the ground.

Natasha stayed long after I left. She's been living there for a decade now. When she came down with COVID, her colleague in Gaza wrote to her:

"I hope you are ok and that you are fighting this Corona. I am really very worried about you and thinking about you. I know it's maybe a bit difficult to fight this Corona, but I also know that you are up to the task. Please, if you want anything, just don't hesitate, just ask me. Regards, and sending love."

Khalil Abu Yahia is now dead. Killed in an Israeli airstrike. She never met him in person.

There is a shadow that followed me back from the Middle East. The memory of everyone I knew in person.

The memory of the alarm of the rocket siren. The alarm at my Palestinian boss' head broken open with a club. The alarm of

the pain in a new part of the body. The alarm of the world waking up every morning to a livestreamed genocide.

The endless feeling of alarm.

The alarm when I draw "Justice" from my deck. The scales tip one way in the illustration and I wonder if any of this is somehow "just." I place this tarot card on top of my bookshelves housing Sontag and Woolf and Hedva. It sits there and stares at me blankly as I continue to move disjointedly about my cramped apartment.

Natasha recovered from COVID. I'll recover from this flare. Khalil will never recover.

The root cause of the pain remains elusive. I read somewhere that other medication that I take could cause it. I read somewhere it's likely that if other people in my family who have had it then I'll develop it. I read somewhere that trauma can heighten an autoimmune response and can make the system warriors overzealous. It can make these

fighters so violent that they will even attack the body in which they are housed.

The Holy Land is a small place. It is a cramped home. There is no way to contain the pain, to compartmentalize it to one people.

Visitors to this home have asked me why the trauma of the Holocaust wouldn't make us Jews care about Palestinian suffering. Might the Bible be an argument for justice instead of tribalism? Might there be a way?

I used to have answers for them. I used to have solutions and activism and optimism until I buried myself in the blood red poppies and the alien green hellebores.

Trauma begets trauma begets trauma begets trauma.

Violence begets violence begets violence.

Pain begets pain.

(Sarah Stern)

PROTEST BANNER

从 (from) 河流 (the river) 到 (to) 大海 (the sea)
人民 (the people) 团结 (united), 永不 (will never) 战败 (be defeated)

Double sided protest banner used on 17th Feb 2024, National Demonstration for Palestine, London, UK

Ink and acrylic on paper and canvas board, 50 x 40 cm

(anonymous 2)

THE FONT WE ARE USING IN THIS ZINE IS CALLED "CRACKS". CRACKS IS A TYPEFACE DESIGNED BY ALIX CHAUVET, WHOSE RUGGED DESIGN ORIGINATES FROM FOUND CRACKS IN WALLS.

Through this language made of crevices, I express my solidarity with Palestine and Disability Justice by pointing at the broken, the damaged, the irreparable. Taking a generative gaze at cracks found in walls, I shift the dependency between hand and writing to that of writing and traces, transforming the hindered into an empowered vehicle for meaning. It allows me to try: to give a voice to those who are silenced, to write in the frays, to flesh out the hollows. It allows me to fail: I cannot repair. I cannot restore. I cannot mend. My words collide with a reality whose pain fragments, so vast is the horror. What are my statements worth before the ongoing humanitarian catastrophe in Gaza? Naming the genocide does not liberate its victims. Yet it enables me to face the brunt of the unbearable and to channel my indignation towards denunciation. Making accidental traces a symbolic crutch of support for Palestine and Disability Justice, accepting my impediments in the performative space of writing, is more valuable than a deathly silence. It allows me to feel sickened and more. It allows room for agency. It allows to hope.

(Alix Chauvet)

BIOGRAPHIES

Alcide Breaux is an interdisciplinary artist and bioethicist working across video, sound, sculpture, performance, and scientific research. They create work reflecting on inhabiting a pathologized body, and negotiating the fluid systems of biopolitical power that flow through and between private corporations, government agencies, and corporeal forms. In 2022, they co-initiated the disability justice research program Crip the Curriculum at the Sandberg Instituut in Amsterdam.

dilan (they/them) is a nonbinary migrant living in berlin at the moment. a kurdish-turkish raised with armenian roots. they work on the crossroads of healing and justice and weave their practices with critical, decolonized ways. they enjoy writing, dancing, connecting, and roaring at people who recklessly hurt others.

Mira Thompson (Amsterdam, 1993) is a singer, songwriter and performer. Informed by the tradition of vocal jazz, she is drawn to narrative song and strong poetic and visual elements within music. During her time at HKU Utrecht Conservatory, she developed a fascination for the different ways in which the voice can function as an embodied instrument. Whether written, spoken or sung, Mira wields language to evoke deep and buried feelings with an earnest yet witty approach. In 2019 she released her first EP Festina Lente.

Lyca (they/them+she/her) is a white, mixed indigenous, formerly institutionalized, schizoaffective and borderline dx experimental poet, teacher, and long-distance runner. When not writing, they can be found doing mutual aid, and watching Elvie-dog sniff the earth. Find them at moonlitfern.com.

anonymous: The writer of this text writes from a white, disabled, Dutch, and agender experience. They strive to practice anarchist, feminist, anti-racist and handicapist values amongst others.

zainabb (they/them) is a queer, trans, disabled, brown Muslim femme from London, UK. They are a writer, editor, and grassroots organiser working towards abolition, decolonisation, and disability justice.

Lillian Estes (she/they) is a disabled interdisciplinary artist living on Tiwa Land, focusing on mundanities, gentleness, and decay. Their work is informed by their experience with ME/CFS/LC, POTS, Audhd, and more!

Anja

Chalie

Lara-Lane Plambeck (she/her) is 28 years old and comes from northern Germany. She writes, is interested in liberatory- and healing work and is deeply familiar with the struggle of balancing activism and personal health. In the recent months, she has been fighting for Palestine's liberation and against Germany's zionist-fascist agenda as well as military engagement in the Genocide.

Kelly (they/them) is a disabled & chronically ill, Anti-zionist Jewish, nonbinary & queer, multidisciplinary artist and musician. Originally from the pacific northwest, they now live in the SW desert in the so-called US with their senior dog, Applesauce. Kelly loves herbalism, zines, being outside and slowly skateboarding. @sundrawnpines on instagram &sundrawnpines.com!

Sarah Stern is a Jewish non-Zionist designer who lives in Washington, DC. She primarily works with clients who are chronically ill or in the health sector. View her work at sternsarah.com

anonymous 2: Artist from East London.

Alix Chauvet (1995) is a Franco-Swiss graphic designer, illustrator and author based in Amsterdam, working both independently and in collaboration with contemporary artists. Her practice is characterised by a particular interest in analogue techniques, translation and the relationship between language and the body.

This zine is edited and designed by Jules and Moos, two white, trans* comrades from Western Europe. They both live in Amsterdam and arrived into their respective chronic illnesses/ disability around the beginning of this latest escalation of the genocide in Palestine. This zine began as their attempt to break through their isolation, reaching out to other crips through this collaboration. Sometimes, they are gardeners, facilitators, (performance) artists as well.

Thanks to Inge for their help in editing, designing and supporting the entire process. Their care and craft sustain this work.

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All work done to create this zine has been unpaid, and all profits from the sales and events related to it will be donated to Gaza sunbirds, Gazan individuals‘ and families‘ fundraisers, and other Palestine related fundraisers. If you get a free copy, please donate if you can.

Our title derives from the inversion of Billy-Ray Belcourt‘s beautiful book of poetry, „This wound is a world“.

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second (online) edition - July 2025.

How are crip and disabled communities organizing towards Palestinian Liberation? This zine illuminates the enmeshment of Palestinian liberation and Disability Justice in an assemblage of poetic, pragmatic, and powerful contributions. Following an open call in the spring of 2024, "The world is a wound" is a collection of crip wisdom.

The genocide against Palestinians in Gaza and in the other illegally occupied territories has been described as a mass-disabling event. How do our aching, exhausted, and disabled bodies contribute to the struggle for Palestinian Liberation? We will need to scale up radical care and mutual aid, to weave into the tapestry of a free Palestine. How can crip/chronically ill/neurodiverse/mad perspectives offer these critical survival skills?

This zine is an offering to crip/chronically ill/neurodiverse/mad folks and others: it holds calls to action as well as our exhaustion, gentle attempts at healing, care and courage.